

PIMPLES

Cured in FIVE DAYS by the use of Dr. Thomas' Facial Ointment, apply at bedtime; cures while you sleep.

For a short time we will send a Fifty-cent box by mail, postpaid, on receipt of thirty five cents. Ad dress.

Banner Chemical Co.,
1324 North 55th St.,
West Park Station,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Seems Long, Anyhow,
At Father's dinner I can't smile,
But count it girls you wear it,
'Tis not nice to wear a white,
And washed for a time."
—Smart Set.

SPELLING AND SOLUTION.



"How can you marry a man who writes dear with two's?"
"But he writes his fortune with six haughts."—Pick-Me-Up.

Avoid adulteration and wholesale and retail profits by buying your whiskey direct from the distillery. See the Hayner Distilling Co. advertisement in this paper, which explains how to get four full quarts of pure Seven-Year-Old Rye Whiskey, express prepaid, for \$2.00. They guarantee pure goods and full measure.

The latest thing in the eating saloon and lunch cafe line is the automatic or waiterless restaurant. There is not a waiter in the place, and the only human being visible upon entering the restaurant is the check man. His only duty is to furnish checks to customers for cash, and these checks are used to procure a meal from the numerous dumb waiters with slot-machine arrangements, which are grouped around the restaurant walls. Before the face of each dumb waiter is a bill of fare furnished by the particular machine. Anything from a sandwich and coffee can be procured. If a person wishes ham and eggs and a few vegetables, marked down on the bill of fare as costing 50 cents, he simply drops a 50-cent check into the slot and the numerous dishes come up one by one on the dumb waiter. All the diner has to do is to arrange the dishes before him on the table which stands beside each waiter.

Pro not Con.
It is a harmless way to get a good tobacco. To dwell where still, searched garb is never seen. But, oh, at evening, were dull, I fear. To have no soda, but thin squalling near. —Chicago Record-Herald.

A Master Stroke.
Duffy—Th' fit may be arl right, but how about th' color as th' coat match in th' different colored pairs of pants I may want to wear wid it?
Cohensteln—Der capid all harmonize mit any color of der rainpaw, but orange! I vill be honest mit you ohf I lose der safel.—Pack.

The sensible way to buy whiskey is to get it direct from the distillery. This saves wholesale and retail dealer's profits, also insures pure goods. The Hayner Distilling Co. will ship you four full quarts Seven-Year-Old Rye, express prepaid, for \$2.00. See large advertisement in this issue.

A Case in Point.
"Do you believe all geniuses are egotists?"
"No. Look at me. Ever since I can remember I have kept myself back by playing too light an estimate on my importance and ability."—Chicago Record-Herald.

She Was It.
"Mr. Gallant, you are something of a student of human nature," began Miss Bewehus, coyly.
"Ah, but now," he interrupted, flashing his bulb black eyes upon her, "I am a divinity student."—Philadelphia Press.

PILES

"I suffered the tortures of the damned with protruding piles brought on by constipation with which I was afflicted for twenty years. I ran across your CASCARETS in the town of Newell, Ia., and never found anything to equal them. To-day I am entirely free from piles and feel like a new man."
C. H. KIRBY, 1011 Jones St., Sioux City, Ia.

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripes, No, No, No.
CURE CONSTIPATION.
Selling Remedy Company, Chicago, Baltimore, New York, Ill.
TO-BAC Bold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.



ONE NEW YEAR'S RESOLVE.

BECAUSE SHE KEPT IT, ONE WOMAN'S LIFE WAS MADE MISERABLE.

"I'll never make another New Year's resolve as long as I live," sighed the hostess.
"Huh! Suppose you failed to keep yours?" replied the guest.
"Pshaw; if you had, you'd have been wearing wings instead of furs and a halo rather than a picture hat."
"I kept mine, but it gave me a lot of trouble. You see, it was the first New Year's since my marriage, and I felt it necessary to turn over a very white new leaf, so I resolved—"
"Not to tell another fib? Then I hope you did not ask your husband when I was here?"
"I did not—neither did she. If she had, I would have at least told her that it was more becoming than the last one. I resolved to give up society and devote my time to charity. It is really so difficult to induce Arthur to go anywhere that I—"
"Might as well have the credit of giving it up voluntarily. Still, if you cried each time that he refused, he would bring you candy and flowers, and—"
"And spend so much money on them that I'd have to give up a hat or two, besides having my complexion spoiled by the candy."
"Not to mention the doctor's bill, if it made you ill. See?"
"Not the fact that I'd have to take the medicine! No, I resolved to devote myself



"I SENT A BOY FOR A CAB."

to good deeds—I always did like giving advice."
"Was Arthur delighted?"
"I suppose so. He was reading his paper when I told him. It is queer, but that absorbs him as much as curling my hair absorbs me."
"Men are so queer. Did you really keep your resolve?"
"M'hm; I gave a silk waist that came from Paris to a woman with three starving children and even showed her how to make it fit her. Then I went to see a blind woman who lived in an alley, and took her a bunch of roses and a lovely embroidered doiley. And there was Elaine, who never did a thing for anybody; I told her she ought to be ashamed, when I was devoting myself to the poor."
"And was she?"
"No. She remarked that I was wearing a new fur box, and that I was evidently not depriving myself of imported hats. I told her that I had to set the poor a good example in neatness."
"True. But—"
"Yes. It was raining when I came away from the blind woman's, and I sent her grandson for a cab. He never returned, and I found that my watch was gone, too. When I told Arthur, he—"
"Yes, go on!"
"He said that charity not only covered a multitude of sins, but a good many dollars as well. Well, I caught a cold that day and was sick for a week. The cook promptly left, and in boiling two eggs and making some undrinkable coffee Arthur burned his hand, scorched his coat sleeve and broke two cups. He blamed that all on charity."

OF course.

"M'hm. Then, we had to buy a good many tickets for charitable entertainments, and all my poor people got out of work and said they'd rather have money than advice, so Arthur—"
"Complained? How like—"
"Yes. Finally Mrs. Swellstyle decided to give a colonial bazaar, and asked me to help. The costumes were to be rather expensive, but the proceeds were to do great good in buying photographic copies of good pictures on which the starving poor could feed their hunger for beauty. I consented to help, but—"
"Arthur?"
"He said that if I continued my charitable deeds we would soon be objects of charity ourselves. He hasn't refused to go anywhere with me since, but if you will believe it, Elaine, is telling everybody that my good resolve was only a scheme to bring about that result!"
ELISA ARMSTRONG BRINGOUGH.

THE TURNING OF A LEAF.

MR. SIMPLETON TURNED IT, BUT DIDN'T KEEP IT TURNED.

"NOTICE that to-day is the first of January," remarked Mr. Wimpleton, as he unfolded the breakfast napkin. "The day has set me to thinking that I had better revive my boyhood's habit and make the resolve to turn over a new leaf. In the past, I—"
"Now, you are not going to resolve to help the poor by giving away all your second-best clothes, are you?" said his wife, apprehensively. "You did that once, I remember, and had to shovel the snow off the front pavement in your best suit."
"I have done nothing of the kind," hastily replied her liege. "The fact is that I have not been as kind a husband in the past as I might have been, and—"
"Oh, I guess you've been as good as the average," responded his wife, calmly.
"No, I have not, my dear, that is merely your gentle, witty way of putting it. I know that I have often displayed great temper when the provocation was slight, but in future you shall have no cause for complaint."
"Well, of course, you were very unpleasant about those bills, Nathaniel. I thought at the time that you never believed in that way before we were married, and—"
"Displayed some temper, did I? No wonder. An angel on a tombstone would have displayed temper over such extravagance as that. Did you expect me to remain as quiet as a— as a gingerbread baby while I was robbed by a lot of— however, in future I shall do it, since you are so anxious."
"You are sure that you are not ill, are you, dear? The doctor said—"
"Never better in my life. I have merely seen the error of my ways and resolved to mend them in time. When I think of the terrible fits of anger to which I have sometimes given way, I—"
"Well, I was afraid that the last week would make trouble because of the things you said to her about the biscuits, still—"
"The things I said, eh? Let me tell you, Sarah Wimpleton, that many a man would have deserted his wife for less than that. If I did make a few slight remarks I was fully justified, I can tell you. However, it shall never happen again."
"You are glad to hear it, dear. Now that I think of it, I feel very badly over your quarrel with the people next door, and your feud with the iceman, and the things you said about the cigars I bought you at Christmas, dear—but what is the matter?"
"The matter is this, madam; I shall not remain here to be insulted. I am the most patient and long-suffering of men, but even I will not stand this. I shall be at home late this evening, if you send me a note of apology in the interval for this unprovoked attack upon me!" The banging of the front door put an impressive period to the sentence.
"And all," said Mrs. Wimpleton, shaking her head at the clock, "all because he had decided to turn over a new leaf on New Year's day!"

Greeting to the New Year.
Hall, glad New Year! We do not ask Our woes you should disperse. We merely urge this simple task— Pray do not make them worse. —Chicago Record.

The Simple Fact.
Stuyvesant—Going to turn over a new leaf, New Year's day, old man?
Schermehorn—No, going to turn over the same old leaf.—Brooklyn Press.

BEAUTY

Sleeplessness Wrecks It, But Dr. Greene's Nervura Is the Unfailing Help and Cure.

Sleeplessness drives away beauty and shatters health. It breaks down the strongest and kills energy. One sleepless night works more lasting injury than days of overwork.

Insomnia is Nature's revolt against outrage. The nervous system is tortured and they rebel. Nearly always stomach troubles accompany it. The whole body is being starved. Nerves and blood and muscle and tissue cry out for food. Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy is the unfailing help for this condition. It works wonders and that right speedily.

Mrs. Martha Jordan, New Vineyard, Maine, says: "I was in bad shape when I began to take Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. I could not sleep nights, and many times had to get up and walk the floor. I had no appetite and what little I did eat soured in a few moments. I was nervous, weak and trembling, and got up in the morning more tired than when I went to bed, and felt all down, — in fact, could not see anything worth living for."
"After taking one bottle of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, I could sleep all night and feel rested in the morning, my appetite was better, food did not sour, and I felt better all over. Now when I have taken four bottles I feel like a new being."
"Take courage if you suffer in this way, or with any chronic trouble of the nerves and blood. The glorious record of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy is written in the grateful words of thousands it has cured. It will cure you. Dr. Greene's advice is given free by call or letter. His address is 101 Fifth Avenue, New York City."

Not a Hard Job.

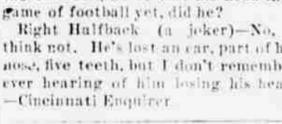
Mrs. Crimsonbeak—I see by this paper that in San Francisco the barbers are required to clean their razors with 95 per cent. alcohol before and after being used on any person.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—Blow a their breath on it, I suppose?—Yonkers Statesmen.

Caesar's Courtship.

A noble young Roman named Caesar. Once called on a maid—tried to squeeze— But the girl, with a blush. Said the Latin for "Tush!" You horrid young thing! Let me Caesar! —Baltimore American.

VERY COOL-HEADED.



Left Halfback—That man Punter, the fullback, never lost his head in a game of football yet, did he?
Right Halfback (a joker)—No, I think not. He's lost an ear, part of his nose, five teeth, but I don't remember ever hearing of him losing his head. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Case in Point.

"I don't understand it," said the young physician. "The symptoms were the same, and yet you said one man had colic and the other one had appendicitis."
"One was rich and one was poor," said the older doctor.
"What has that to do with it?"
"Circumstances alter cases." —Brooklyn Life.

A Bump for the Pharisee.

"I thank God," said the Pharisee, "that I am not as other men."
"Oh, I don't know," replied the lady. "You seem to be like a good many of them. I saw you occupying a seat in a car last night when there were lots of women standing." —Chicago Record-Herald.

Twice as Black.

Sam Cole—Miss Yallerby done treat me scandalous. She done tole me yistidly dat I was black as de ace o' spades.

Her Reason.

The teacher at the kindergarten has a great deal of trouble with Mabel, who is four years old. The other day she had occasion to ask: "Mabel, why did you strike Freddy?" "Tause he's littler dan me," replied Mabel. —Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

So Mean.

Fred—I see the Van Billion girls have the English fashion of wearing sandals.
Ned (the rejected)—Yes; it's an old Roman custom and probably takes the elder back to her happy childhood.—Detroit Free Press.

A Hopeless Case.

Lady—What is the matter with my husband?
Doctor—I cannot be sure yet. Have you noticed him doing anything unusual lately?
"Let me see. Well, last evening, instead of lighting his cigar the moment he left the table, he walked into the library and put on his smoking jacket, smoking cap and slippers before beginning to smoke."
"Hum! My, my!"
"And, later on, when he wrote a letter, he wiped the pen on a pen wiper."
"Horrors! It's paraisis!"—N. Y. Weekly.

Triolet to a Hebeuante.

Ah, you are like the book I hold. "Tis bound, you see, in English style; Make how it is adorned with gold; Ah, you are like the book I hold; The story through its pages told."
"Can you walk—would it ever while— Ah, you are like the book I hold."
"Tis bound, you see, in English style."
—Chicago Record-Herald.

IT WOULD BE IMPOLITE.



Doctor—My old chum Bones writes me that he wants me to operate on him for appendicitis.
Nurse—Will you?
Doctor—Well, I'd hate to cut an old acquaintance. —Chicago Journal.

NOW LOOK OUT!

"Take care of yourself," say our friends. "I'll try to," we answer. We do take a little care, yet in spite of warm clothes, rubbers and mackintoshes, an army of people were bowled out by pneumonia and other lung and chest diseases last winter. They caught cold, neglected it, let it fix upon them, were torn by coughs, choked by inflammations and congestions, wasted by fever, tired out by pain and then gave up the fight. The hour you realize that you have a cold on the chest, place a Benson's Porous Plaster where the pain or oppression is felt. If you think two are needed make it two. No harm if you were covered with them. They act quickly and prevent the engorgement of blood in the organs. In this way—with ordinary caution as to exposure—you will break up the cold and avoid a serious sickness. No other applications, or any other form of treatment, will accomplish this as certainly and speedily. Benson's Plasters have a distinct and positive action and are curative to the highest degree. Use them with the same confidence for coughs, muscular rheumatism, the grip (back and chest) and all similar ailments. Women, who are chief sufferers from cold weather complaints, should keep these plasters always within reach. Get the genuine. All druggists, or we will prepay postage on any number ordered in the United States on receipt of 25c. each. Sealbury & Johnson, Mfg. Chemists, N. Y.

Insult to Injury.

Shiney Patches—I tell you, Weary, I don't particularly object to having a dog set on me, for it is one of the risks of the business and I am willing to take my chances, but when that dog is a water spaniel it's just a little too much." —N. Y. Herald.

Roll Call.

A puglist who makes his pile And then to congress goes Would be right in his glory when He strikes the eyes and nose. —Philadelphia Press.

A GOOD START.



First Spinster—And who gave the bride away?
Second Spinster—Her youngest brother; just after the ceremony he was heard to say: "Wait till he finds her hair is false, her teeth are false, and she suffers from chronic indigestion." —Ally Sloper.

Of the Earth Emby.

Impenious Lover—Be mine, dear Amanda, and you will be treated like an angel.

Wealthy Maiden.

Nothing to eat and less to wear. No, thank you.—Tit-Bits.

Saved His Life.

Miss Hatty—And when he proposed did you refuse him?
Miss Antique—No, I just didn't have the heart to, because I knew he could not live without me. —Ohio State Journal.

He Lost His Case.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said a lawyer the other day, "there are just 36 hogs. Please remember the fact—just three times as many as in the jury box, gentlemen." —Tit-Bits.

Risking Life.



To make a living! And we stand a stare up at the man in the clouds, wondering that any man can be so hardy. But what the business man who has barely a meal, and goes down a lunch of and milk in a minutes? He too risks his life, make a living. It is sustained by a properly digested assimilated, the suit of lumpy cotton and irregular meals "weak" stomach and a "weak" stomach each means a weak man. When the stomach is "weak" the food when it properly digested and cannot be properly assimilated, which there is a daily loss of nutrition which in time will result in physical collapse.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discoveries cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition, enables the assimilation of all the nutritive values of the food eaten, and builds up the body into sound health and strength.

Dr. Ned Nelson, the celebrated Irish comedian and mimic, of 377 Bowden Street, Camden, N. J., writes: "We fulfilled an engagement of twelve weeks and the constant traveling gave me a bad touch of that dreaded disease called dyspepsia. I had tried everything possible to cure it all last week, while playing at B. F. Kelly's Bijou Theater, Philadelphia, in the Nelson Trio, a professional troupe of mine advised me to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I tried it, and, thank God, with good results."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, in paper covers, is sent free receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to the expense of mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Gen. Wood has been made a member of the Academy of Science of Havana. The academy is one of the most exclusive organizations in Cuba. It is limited to 40 members, and each member is elected for life.

HAYNER'S PURE WHISKY
DIRECT FROM DISTILLERY TO CONSUMER
Four Full Cents
\$3.00
Such Whiskey can't be elsewhere for less than
References: Third Nat'l Bank, Dayton; B. Nat'l Bank, St. Louis; or any of the B. C. THE HAYNER DISTILLING CO., 226-232 West Fifth St., Dayton, O.; 309-311 So. Seventh St., St. Louis.

A QUEER LANDLORD.



Wife—Just think of it, George landlord told me we'd have to rent if we did not pay our rent.
George—Well, does he think could pay our rent we'd have here as long as we have?—C. American.

Feminine Fluency.

"Charley, dear," said young Torkins, "do you think we can be rich enough to own a yacht?"
"I shouldn't be surprised."
"When we can afford it, you buy me a yacht, won't you?"
"Certainly."
"Well, Charley, dear, I know are a business man, and I know want me to be a business woman you will give me a new hat and gown and a new coat now, it say a word about the yacht, that a lovely discount for ex-Washington Star."

In Silentia Salus.

She saw a note to her husband. It was in a woman's handwriting. Did she open it? No; not she. Although it looked so inviting. Did she worry about it? O, no! For one won't, while another one you see, she knew what it was for. It was her dressmaker's bill. —Harlem Life.

DON'T TOBACCO and SNEEZE Your Life
You can be cured of any form of tobacco habit, made well, strong, energetic, new life and vigor by taking... that makes weak men strong... new pounds in ten days. Over 2000 cured. All druggists. Cure guaranteed and advice FREE. A. J. HARRIS, CINCINNATI, O.